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Dark Matters

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101 3 17

Chapter 1 by SFX BC

this is a Septiplier (Markiplier/Jacksepticeye) story.

Jacksepticeye POV

"S-Stop." I tried to push the stranger off of me but he didn't budge. His grip on my arm tightened as he pulled me through the maze of alleys that stretched through downtown area of Los Angeles.

"Where—" "Shut up." he cut me off and i fell silent for a minute.

He suddenly stopped and turned to me,

"Where I'm taking you Isn't important sweet cheeks, what IS important is what they're gonna do to you."

he snickered and started walking fast again, making me almost stumble to the ground as i was still trying to process what he'd said to me.

[Chapter 2 by Jacksepticeye](#)

Was I insane? No. He was being held at gunpoint.

I could tell by his expression that he was scared. He had a wide-eyed look of terror in his eyes. He blushed a

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"Fine!" He growled. "Do what you want! But don't come crying to me, when THEY find you 'cos whatever you seem to think I'm gonna do to you... it won't even hold a candle to what they're capable of, Hon... good luck, on your own."

I stood, in silence, watching him stroll off. When he was completely gone, I sped off down the other side of the alley. I was sure I heard something behind me but I didn't look back. No way was I risking bumping into that psycho, again. I kept running and suddenly I heard it....

Chapter 3 by Allykat8888



A deep voice crying out in pain, Which I knew must have been that man. I ran back, all the while trying to find some part, some way of remembering what he was. Another scream, seemingly closer. Adrenaline pumped through my body, surging me forward. Mama always told me to help others. The scream was right in front of me, yet not as loud. The man slunk out in front of me, eyeing me as if I was a child.

"You're just liked they said you'd be," He said with a chuckle, his hand coming up to my face. "The name's Fishbach. But my friends call me Mark."

"M-My name's-"

"I know your name all too well, cupcake." He said with a sly smile

He continued slinking his way down the alleyway, But something made him turn around, looking at me in horror

"Jack!? Jack, can you hear me?!"

And then it all went black.

Chapter 4 by Allykat8888



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Henry giggled. "Come on, I'm not a baby. I'm a man now. I'm not afraid of anything. I'm not afraid of the dark. I'm not afraid of the..."

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I ran, plowing into Henry. That was the day he broke his rib. I had beaten myself up over that for **Ages**. That was also the day a rusty nail impaled my eye. My eye turned a sickly green, my baby blue irises turning a sweet red with blood.

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"He needs to rest!" A man with a gruff voice shouted. "He got tranquilized by Anti and his men- Aargh! Dammit wade!"

"Stop being such a **BABY** Fishbach."

Fishbach? Where had I heard that name? The alleyway. Memories, (not good ones at that) surged over and through me. I remembered Mark (was that even his name?) screaming my name, cradling me in his arms into a blue van.

"It's going to be okay."

I groaned, trying to subtly tell them that I was awake. My eyes slowly opened, revealing a room striped with red and white and it had monitors and cameras at every turn. We seemed to be on the top floor of a building, which I hated. I was always afraid of heights like this...

"M-Mark?" I forced the words to sound dazed.

"Really? You let him call you Mark?" Wade scoffed, clearly jealous

Mark, ignoring him rushed over to me. He studied me, as if meeting me for the first time. It was just then that I noticed his bright red hair. It covered half his forehead, nearly down to his eyes. His beautiful br- DAMMIT SEAN! You nearly proposed to your girlfriend the other day! Well... ex-girlfriend now. Ah, well..

"He's awake," Mark said flatly, turning away from me to button up his flannel shirt "There's a bit of a gash on his cheek, Wade, if you'd stitch that up for him, I'm going to get Felix."

I could see SWEDDIE's face in the background, looking slightly worried. I wonder if he's been here the whole time?

I stared at the wall behind me, my hands gripping the cold metal of the bed frame. I finally patched the Band-aids on my face, but I could still see the small stream of blood slowly making its way down my cheek.

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"Hello, Wade?"

"Yeah, just now, actually." Mark said to the tall, dirty blond young man

"I should hope so!" He wore a black suit with a bright blue tie. "How're you Jack? We know that's your preferred name. Anyways, Mark, Wade and I will show you around. Release the restraints."

I sat up, just now realizing that I was shirtless. I'd been lifting weights **JUST** in case. Mark, feet away from me held a white shirt with green on the ends out to me. He was obviously forcing his eyes away, but he snuck glances here and there.

"Fo-follow us, please." Mark mumbled, flustered "Actually, could you wait here, I have to go to the washroom....Please?"

Felix sat in a comfy-looking chair. Wade sat parallel, staring at me.

"You should feel lucky." Felix calmly said.

"W-what?" I asked

"Mark hasn't treated anybody, much less myself with as much respect as you!" He chuckled. "He's had boyfriends-"

"Boyfriends? You mean h-he's gay?" I had broke up with my girlfriend... Maybe- Wait... This is a big decision. not one to make here.

"Yes, but as I said he's had past boyfriends but you're being treated like some sort of high school crush! I'm not gay myself. Me and my lovely wife Marzia have a wonderful relationship. But you, however... Are single ri- Shh! Shh! He's back!"

Mark returned, the red in his cheeks gone, but he was sweating bullets

"I suppose we should get back to the tour" He said, looking at his feet.

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